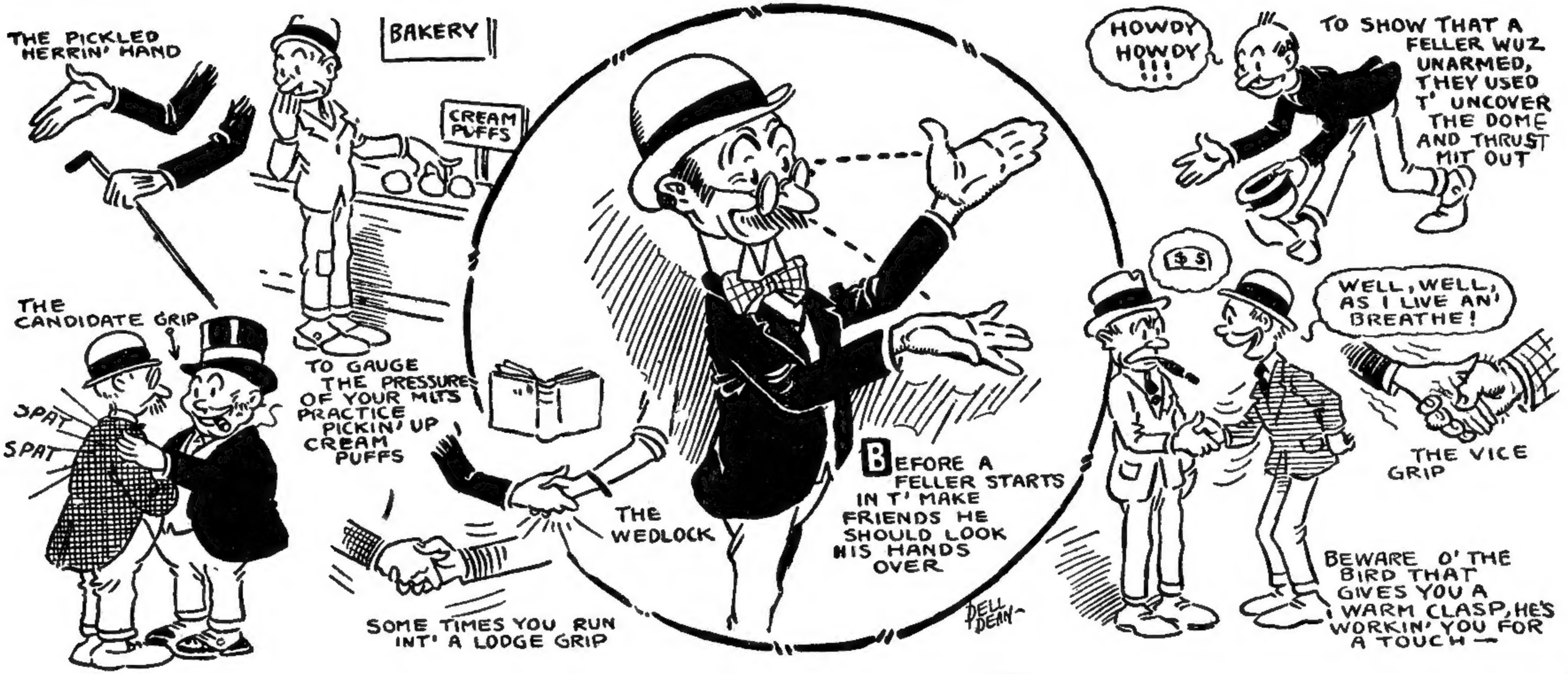
Short Furrows by the noted Indiana Humorist Kin Hubbard

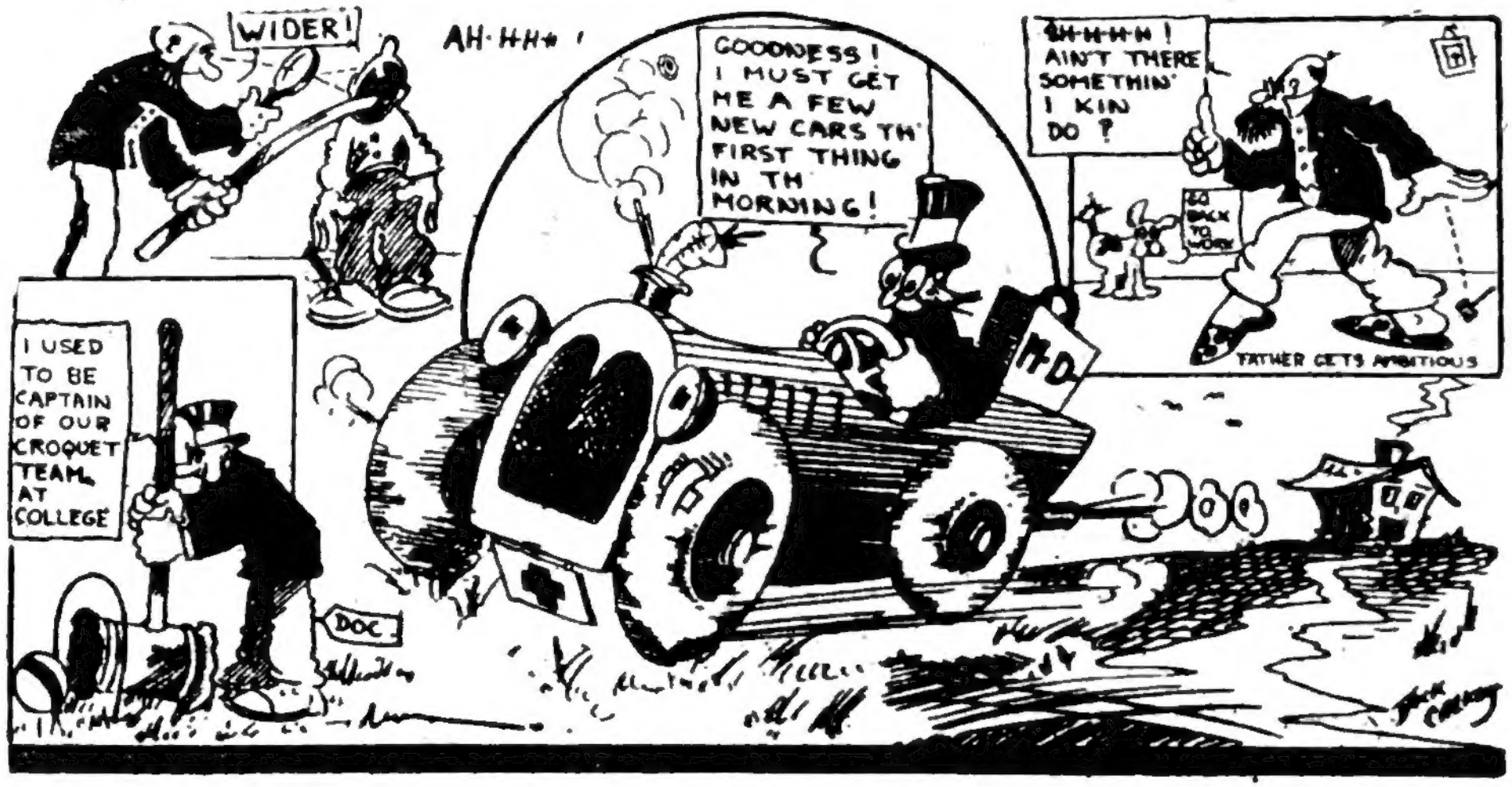

THE PICKLED HERRIN' HAND
BAKERY
CREAM PUFFS
THE CANDIDATE GRIP
SPAT
SPAT
TO GAUGE THE PRESSURE OF YOUR MITS PRACTICE PICKIN' UP CREAM PUFFS
SOME TIMES YOU RUN INT' A LODGE GRIP
THE WEDLOCK
BEFORE A FELLER STARTS IN T' MAKE FRIENDS HE SHOULD LOOK HIS HANDS OVER
DELL DEAN
HOWDY HOWDY !!!
TO SHOW THAT A FELLER WUZ UNARMED, THEY USED T' UNCOVER THE DOME AND THRUST MIT OUT
$ $
WELL, WELL, AS I LIVE AN' BREATHE!
THE VICE GRIP
BEWARE O' THE BIRD THAT GIVES YOU A WARM CLASP, HE'S WORKIN' YOU FOR A TOUCH —

SHORT FURROWS BY THE NOTED INDIANA HUMORIST KIN HUBBARD

HAWAIIAN MUSIC
THESE DAYS O' COSMETICS
DARIN' FILMS WITH LONG DRAWN OUT KISSES
MOTHERS SHOULD NOT PERMIT THEIR DAUGHTERS T' GO AROUN' WITH CHEST BARED LIKE A STEEL PUDDLER
DELL PEAN
OUR EXTREME STYLES ARE COPIED FROM TH' VAMPIRES THAT INFEST TH' CAFES OF BUDAPEST
WHEN YOU MEET A YOUNG GIRL ON TH' STREETS T' DAY YOU DON'T KNOW WHETHER SHE'S COMIN' FROM SCHOOL OR TH' THEATER FRANCAISE.
MOTHERS SHOULD NOT PERMIT THEIR DAUGHTERS T' EXPOSE THEIR LOWER EXTREMITIES LIKE A 'PEARL O' TH' ARENA'

WHAT ARE MOTHERS THINKIN' OF

SHORT FURROWS BY THE NOTED INDIANA HUMORIST KIN HUBBARD


WIDER!
AH·HH·H!
GOODNESS! I MUST GET ME A FEW NEW CARS TH' FIRST THING IN TH MORNING!
SH-H-H-H! AIN'T THERE SOMETHIN' I KIN DO?
I USED TO BE CAPTAIN OF OUR CROQUET TEAM AT COLLEGE
DOC
FATHER GETS AMBITIOUS

TH' REAL FAMILY DOCTOR

No household should be without a good, sober, reliable doctor—one with two autos preferred. A good family doctor is almost as necessary in a home as a pump or a cookin' stove, not that anybuddy is liable t' die, but because he exerts a steadyin', quietin' influence. Th' family gets t' leanin' on him an' lookin' t' him an' regardin' him as a kind o' somethin' I don't know what, but a necessary somethin' part an' parcel t' th' establishment. Even th' father changes his whole demeanor an' tiptoes about th' house an' asks if ther' hain't somethin' he kin do, an' stands pale an' ashen when th' family doctor ties up a stumped toe, or asks little Gertie t' come over by th' window an' throw her head back an' open her mouth real wide an' say "oh." But a family doctor has got t' look th' part. Any kind of a lookin' doctor can't be a successful family doctor. He mustn't be too young or too ole—too dapper or too sloppy. He must be sympathetic an' jolly, have a knowledge o' checkers an' croquet, able t' converse on th' gossip o' th' day, pretend t' love children an', if possible, have a couple o' his own, talk about wall paper an' flowers an' cows. All fear should leave a home th' minute th' family doctor turns th' door knob. He ought t' walk in a home like he lived there, an' throw his hat on th' sewin' machine. "Well, well, well, what's th' trouble here?" he should ask. "Let me see him—where is he, upstairs in his room? Well, we'll see what's th' matter." That's th' way a real family doctor talks. Then, when he reaches his patient he says, "Hello, what are you doin in bed? Let me have your pulse. Stick your tongue out. Let's see your throat—open your mouth—wider, wider. That's it, that's fine. What have you been eatin'? I thought so. Well, we'll git you out o' here. Emmy, have you got any salts in th' house? That's fine." Then th' family doctor turns at once t' baseball, or th' weather, or asks how your tomatoes are doin'. After that he gives orders about th' salts an' maybe scribbles a prescription fer somethin' t' tone up th' system jest t' make th' case seem more difficult. Then he seemin'ly dismisses th' case from his mind, chugs th' children under ther chins, maybe admires a rug or a picture an' asks where he left his hat. Sometimes, jest t' appear that he's not ruhin' off too soon, th' family doctor'll tell how he lifted a pair o' fierce tonsils th' day before, or how he's lookin' forward t' an appendycitis operation that'll be ripe t'morrow. Then maybe he'll say, lookin 'at his watch: "Well, now I've got t' go about fifteen miles in th' country t' see a patient that's bleedin' t' death. I ought o' gone yesterday, but my car hain't been actin' right."

was a heavy fall. To the sharp ears

breast. The redmen scattered for their

FLOY CAMPBELL DIES